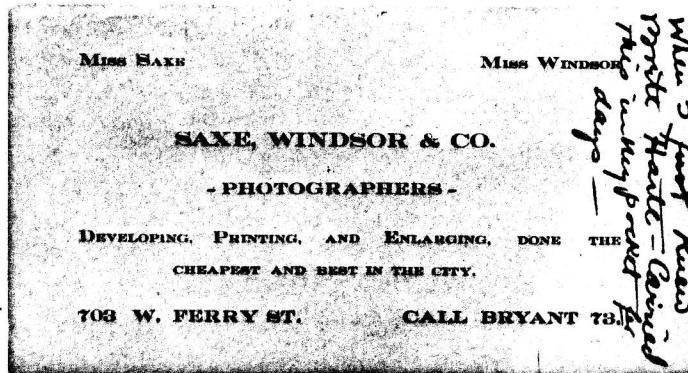


1280



The delicate odor of Mignonette -
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet -
Is all that tells of her story - yet
Could she think of a sweeter way ?
But whether she came on a faint perfume
Or whether a spirit in stole of white
I feel as I pass from the darkened room
She has been with my nose located